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THE
JOVIAL CREW.

A
COMIC-OPERA.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

Novo Splendore resurgit.

With the AIRS prefix'd to each SONG.



D U B L I N:

Re-printed by and for JAMES HOEY, at the Pamphlet-Shop, the Sign of *Mercury*, in *Skinner-Row*, opposite to the *Theatres*, 1732.





Advertisement.

IT may be perhaps necessary to inform the World, That the Songs (except a few) were written about three Years ago, by a Gentleman who is since dead. This Circumstance is mentioned here only to obviate some idle Rumours which have been spread about relating to the Author; as for the Performance, it must stand upon its own Merit, and it would be an Affront to the Reader's Taste to expect that any thing which might be said of it here, could either recommend it to Favour, or justify it against Censure.



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Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Oldrents,
Hearty,
Springlove,
Randal,
Oliver,
Vincent,
Hilliard,
Justice Clack,

Mr. *Dasb.*
Mr. *Vanderbank.*
Mr. *R. Elrington.*
Mr. *Alcorn.*
Mr. *F. Elrington.*
Mr. *Sheridon.*
Mr. *Layfield.*
Mr. *Griffith.*

W O M E N.

Rachel,
Meriel,
Amie,

Mrs. *Sterling.*
Mrs. *Reynolds.*
Mrs. *Neale.*

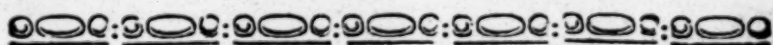
*Dancers, Countrymen, Servants, and
Beggars.*

SCENE *Oldrents and Justice Clack's
House, and the Country adjacent.*

T H E



THE
JOVIAL CREW.



ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE. *A Room in Oldrents' House.*

Enter Oldrents and Hearty.

Old. **I**T has indeed, Friend, much afflicted me.

Heart. And very justly, let me tell you, Sir,
to give Ear, and Faith too (by your Leave)
to Fortune-tellers! Wizards, and Gypsies.

Old. I have since been frighted with it, in a thousand Dreams.

Heart. I wou'd go Drunk a thousand times to Bed,
rather than dream of any of their *Riddlemy Riddleme-
ries.*

AIR I. Ev'ry Man take his Glafs in his Hand, &c.

To-day let us never be Slaves,

Nor the Fate of To-morrow enquire:

Old Wizards, and Gypsies, are Knaves,

And the Devil, we know, is a Lyar.

Then

2 *The JOVIAL CREW.*

*Then drink off a Bumper whilst you may,
We'll laugh, and we'll sing, tho' our Hairs are grey;
He's a Fool, and an Ass,
That will baulk a full Glase,
For fear of another Day.*

Old. Come, I will strive to think no more on't.

Heart. Will you ride forth to take the Air then, and be merry.

Old. Your Council, and Example, may instruct me.

Heart. Sack must be had in sundry Places too. For Songs I am provided,

A I R II. Arthur a Bland.

*In Nottinghamshire,
Let 'em boast of their Beer;
With a Hey-down, down, and a down!
I'll sing in the Praise of good Sack:
Old Sack, and old Sherry,
Will make your Heart merry,
Without e'er a Rag to your Back.*

*Then cast away Care,
Bid Adieu to Despair,
With a Down, down, down, and a down!
Like Fools, our own Sorrows we make:
In spite of dull thinking,
While Sack we are drinking,
Our Hearts are too busy to ach.*

Enter Springlove, with Books and Papers, and a Bunch of Keys. He lays them on the Table.

Old. Yet here comes One, brings me a second Fear, who has my Care next unto my Children.

Heart. Your Steward, Sir, it seems, has Business with you: I wish you would have none with him.

Old. I'll soon dispatch it, and then be for our Journey instantly.

Heart.

The JOVIAL CREW.

3

Heart. I'll wait your coming down, Sir. [Exit.

Old. But, why, *Springlove*, is now this Expedition?

Spr. Sir, 'tis Duty.

Old. Twelve thousand and odd Pounds.

Spr. Here are the Keys of all: The Chests are safe in your own Closet.

Old. Why in my Closet! Is not yours as safe?

Spr. O Sir! you know my Suit.

Old. Your Suit! what Suit?

Spr. Touching the Time of Year.

Old. 'Tis well nigh *May*: Why, what of that, *Springlove*? [Birds sing.

Spr. Oh Sir! you hear I am call'd!

Old. Are there Delights in Beggary?

[*Nightingale, Cuckow, &c. sings.*

Spr. Oh, how am I confounded! Dear Sir, return me naked to the World, rather than lay those Burdens on me, which will stifle me. I must Abroad, or perish.——Have I your Leave, Sir?

Old. I leave you to dispute it with your self: I have no Voice to bid you go or stay. [Exit.

Spr. I am confounded in my Obligations to this good Man.

Enter Randal.

Now, Fellows, what News from whence you came?

Rand. The old wonted News, Sir, from your Guest-House, the old Barn: They have all pray'd for you, and our Master, as their Manner is, from the Teeth outward: Marry! from the Teeth inwards, 'tis enough to swallow your Alms, from whence I think, their Prayers seldom come.

Spr. Thou'rt Old *Randal* still! ever grumbling! but still officious for 'em.

Rand. Yes, hang 'em, they know I love them well enough: I have had merry Bouts with some of 'em.

B

A 1 1

A I R III. Three merry Men of Kent.

*And he that will not merry, merry be,
 With a pretty Lass in a Bed ;
 I wish he were laid in our Church-yard,
 With a Tomb-stone over his Head.
 He, if he cou'd, to be merry, merry there,
 We, to be merry, merry here ;
 For who does know, where we shall go
 To be merry another Year,
 Brave Boys ! to be merry another Year.*

Spr. Well, honest *Randal* ! thus it is ——— I am for a Journey : I know not how long will be my Absence : But I will presently take Order with the Cook and Butler, for my wonted Allowance to the Poor. And I will leave Money with them to manage the Affair 'till my Return.

Rand. Then, up rise *Randal*, *Bailey of the Beggars*.

Enter Vincent, Hilliard, Meriel, and Rachel.

Vin. Beggars are the only People can boast the Benefit of a Free State, in the full Enjoyment of Liberty, Mirth, and Ease. How think you, Ladies ? Are they not the only Happy in a Nation ?

Mer. Happier than we, I'm sure, that are pent up, ty'd by the Nose to the continual Steam of hot Hospitality here in our Father's House, when they have the Air at pleasure in all Variety.

A I R IV. In the pleasant Month of May, &c.

*In the charming Month of May,
 When the pretty little Birds begin to sing ;
 What a Shame at Home to stay,
 Nor enjoy the smiling Spring ?*

The JOVIAL CREW. 5

*While the Beggar that looks forlorn,
Tho' she's not so nobly born,
With her Rags all patch'd and torn,
While she dances and sings with the merry Men and Maids,
In her smiling Eyes you may trace
And her innocent chearful Face;
Tho' she's poor, may be
More happy than she
That sighs in her rich Brocades.*

Rach. And tho' I know we have merrier Spirits than they, yet to live thus confin'd, stifles me.

Hill. Why, Ladies, you have Liberty enough, or may take what you please.

Mer. Yes, in our Father's Rule and Government, or by his Allowance: What's that to absolute Freedom? Such as the very Beggars have; to feast and revel here to-day, and yonder to-morrow; next Day, where they please; and so on still, the whole Country or Kingdom over. There's Liberty! the Birds of the Air can take no more.

Rach. And then, at Home here, or wheresoever he comes, our Father is so pensive (what muddy Spirit so-e'er possesses him, wou'd I cou'd conjure't out) that he makes us ever sick of his Sadness, that were wont to do any thing before him, and he would laugh at us.

Mer. Now he never looks upon us, but with a Sigh, or Tears in his Eyes, tho' we simper never so demurely. What Tales have been told him of us, or what he suspects, I know not, but I am weary of his House.

Rach. Does he think us wanton, too, because sometimes we talk as lightly as great Ladies?

A I R V. Ye Nymphs and Silvian Gods.

*How sweet is the Evening Air,
When the Lasses all prepare,
So trim and so clean,
To trip it o'er the Green,
And meet with their Sweet-hearts there!*

6 The JOVIAL CREW.

*While the pale Town Lass
Disguises her Face,
To squeak at a Masquerade;
Where the proudest Prude
May be subdu'd,
And when she cries, You're rude,
You may conclude
She will not die a Maid.*

Vin. Will you hear our Motion, Ladies?

Mer. Pshah! you would marry us presently out of his Way, because he has given you a foolish kind of Promise: But we will see him in a better Humour first, and as apt to Laugh, as we to Lye-down, I warrant him. 'Till that happens, we'll hear no Motions from you, except you'll consent to attend ours.

Vin. You know, Ladies, we have vow'd to wait on you any how, and any where.

Mer. And you will stand to't?

Vin. Ay, and go to't with you, where-ever it be.

Rach. Then, Gentlemen, stand your Ground!

Vin. Some terrible Business, sure!

Rach. You seem'd e'en now to admire the Felicity of Beggars.

Mer. And have engag'd your selves to join with us in any Course.

Rach. Will you now with us, for our Sakes, turn Beggars?

Mer. It is our Resolution, and our Injunction on you.

Rach. But for a Time, and a short Progress.

Mer. And for a Spring-Trick of Youth, now in the Season.

Vin. Beggars!

Rach. Are you agreed? If not, Farewel! We are resolv'd to take our Course.

Mer. Let yours be to keep Council.

Vin. Stay, stay! Beggars! Are we not so already?

AIR VI. Still I turn'd my Wheel about.

Vinc. *We beg, but in a higher Strain
Than sordid Slaves, who beg for Gain.*

Hill. *No paltry Gold, or Gems, we want,
We beg what you alone can grant.*

Vinc. *No lofty Titles, no Renown,
But something greater than a Crown.*

Hill. *We beg not Wealth, or Liberty,*

Both. *We beg your humble Slaves to be,*

Vinc. *We beg your snowy Hands to kiss,
Or Lips, if you'd vouchsafe the Bliss.*

Hill. *And if our faithful Vows can move,
(What Gods might envy us) your Love.*

Vinc. *The Boon we beg, if you deny,
Our Fates decreed, we pine and die.*

Hill. *For Life we beg, for Life implore,*

Both. *The poorest Wretch can beg no more.*

Rach. That will not serve ———

Vinc. 'Fore Heaven, I think they are in Earnest: for they were always mad.

Hill. And we were madder than they, if we should lose 'em.

Vinc. 'Tis but a Mad Trick of Youth, and Mirth may be made out of it, if we knew how to carry it.

Rach. Then you give your Consent to beg, and in return you may have ours for a better Purpose.

Enter Spring-Love.

Vinc. Oh! here comes Spring-love: His great Benevolence among the Beggars, might prefer us with authority, into a ragged Regiment, presently. Shall I put it to him?

Rach. Take heed what you do: His Greatness with my Father will betray us.

Vinc. I will cut his Throat, then. ——— My noble Spring-love! the great Commander of the Maunders, and King of Canters, we have Suit to.

Spr.

Spr. Gentlemen and Ladies, I have over-heard you in your strange Design, to be Partakers, in those vile Courses, which you call Delights, ta'en by those despicable and abhorred Creatures.

Vinc. Art thou an Hypocrite, then, all this while :

Mer. They are more zealous in Cause, than we.

Spr. But are you, Ladies, at Defiance too with Reputation, and the Dignity due to your Father's House, and you :

Rach. Hold thy Peace, good *Spring-love*; and tho' you seem to dislike this Discourse, and reprove us for it, do not betray us in it, Your Throat's in Question : I tell you for Good-Will, good *Spring-love*.

Spr. I am glad to find you all right. And for your Father's Sadness, I'll tell you the Cause on't : I over-heard it but this Day, in private Discourse with his merry Mate, *Hearty* : he has been told by some Wizard, you both were born to be *Beggars*.

All. How ! how !

Spr. For which he is so tormented in Mind, that he cannot Sleep in Peace, nor look upon you, but with Heart's Grief.

Vinc. This is most strange !

Rach. Let him be griev'd then, 'till we are *Beggars*, we have just Reason to become so now ; and what we thought on but in Jest before, we'll do in Earnest now.

Spr. I applaud this Resolution in you ! wou'd have perswaded it : will be your Servant in't.

All. A *Spring-love* ! a *Spring-love*.

Spr. Follow me, Gallants, then, as chearful as
[*Birds Whistle without*] We are summon'd forth.

All. We follow thee.

AIR VII. To you, fair Ladies, now at Land.

Rach. To you dear Father, and our Home,
We bid a short Adieu :

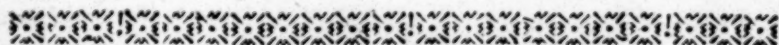
The tempting frolick has o'ercome,
By force of being New,

*But let not that your Patience vex,
For, dear Pappa, you know our Sex.*

With a fal, la, &c.

Mer, *Nor hope, good Sir, to spare your Cost,
Nor think our Fortune's paid;
No Woman yet was ever lost,
Tho' sometimes She's Mislaid:
For when the Pleasure turns to Pain,
Be sure we'll come home again,*

With a fal la, &c.



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE Oldrents' House.

Enter Randal, with a Bag of Money in his Hand.

Rand. **W**ELL, go thy Ways; if ever any just and charitable Steward was commended, surely thou shalt be at the last Quarter-Day. Here's five and twenty Pounds for this Quarter's *Beggars* Charge: And (if he return not by the End of this Quarter) here's Order to a Friend to supply for the next. — If I now should venture for the Commendation of an unjust Steward, and turn this Money to my own Use? Ha! dear Devil, tempt me not! I'll do thee Service in a greater Matter; but to Rob the Poor (a poor Trick) every Church-Warden can do't — Now something whispers me, that my Master, for his Steward's Love, will supply the Poor, as I may handle the Matter — then I rob the Steward, if I restore him not the Money at his return, — Away, Temptation: leave me! I'm frail Flesh, yet I will Fight with thee. — But say, the Steward never return — O! but he will return: — Perhaps he may not return —

Turn

10 *The JOVIAL CREW.*

Turn from me, Satan : Strive not to clog my Conscience — I would not have this Weight upon me, for all thy Kingdom.

Enter Hearty singing, and Oldrents.

Remember, Sir, your Covenant to be merry.

Old. I strive, you see, to be so. — But do you see yon Fellow?

Heart. I never noted him so sad before : he neither Sings, nor Whistles.

Old. Why, how now, *Randal!* Where's *Spring-love*?

Rand. Here's his Money, Sir; I pray that I be charg'd with it no longer. The Devil and I have strain'd Courtesie these two Hours about it. — I would not be corrupted with the Trust of more than is my own, Mr. Steward gave it me, Sir, to order it for the *Beggars* : He has made me Steward of the Barn : and them : While he is gone, he says, a Journey to Survey and Measure Lands abroad about the Countries; some Purchase, I think for your Worship.

Old. I know his measuring of Land : He's gone his old Way, and let him go. — Am not I merry, *Heart*?

Heart. Yes, but not hearty merry.

Old. The Poor's Charge shall be mine : Carry you the Money to one of my Daughters to keep for *Spring-love*.

Rand. I thank your Worship.

[*Exit.*

Old. Well, Sir, I will be merry : I'm resolv'd to force my Spirit only unto Mirth. — Shou'd I hear now my Daughters were mislead, or run away, I would not send a Sigh to fetch 'em back.

Heart. T'other old Song for that.

A 11

The JOVIAL CREW. 11

AIR VIII. Taunton Dean.

*There was an old Fellow at Waltham Cross
Who merrily sung when he liv'd by the Loss,
He cheer'd up his Heart when his Goods went to rack,
With a Hem ! Boys, Hem ! and a Cup of old Sack.*

Old. Is that the Way on't? Well, it shall be mine then.

Enter Randal.

Rand. My Mistresses are abroad, Sir.

Old. How ! since when ?

Rand. On Foot, Sir, two Hours since, with the two Gentlemen their Lovers. Here's a Letter they left with the Butler, and there's a Mutt'ring in the House.

Old. I will not read, nor open it, but conceive within my self the worst that can befall them ; that they are lost, and no more mine. Grief shall loose her Name, where I have Being, and Sadness from my farthest Foot of Land, while I have Life, be banish'd. And for thy News, the Money that thou hast, is now thy own, I'll make it good to *Spring-love*. Be sad with it, and leave me ; for I tell thee I'll purge my House of stupid Melancholy.

Rand. I'll be as merry, as the Charge that's under me.

[A confus'd Noise of Singing and Laughing without.]
Exit. The Beggars, Sir ! d'ye hear them in the Barn ?

Old. I'll double their Allowance too ; that they may double their Numbers, and increase their Noise.

Rand. Now you are so nigh, Sir, if you'll look in, I doubt not but you'll find 'em at their high Feast already.

Heart. Pray let's see 'em, Sir.

Old. With all my Heart.

C

SCENE

SCENE *draws, and discovers the Beggars.*

All Beggars. Bless his Worship; his good Worship :
Bless his Worship:

1 *Beg. Man.* Come, Friends, let's give his Worship
a Taste of our Mirth——Hem; let us sing the Part-
Song that I made for you, that which contains all our
Characters, I mean those we had in better Times;
there is not such a Collection of Oddities, perhaps, in
all *Europe*—Hem; be silent there.

AIR IX. My Name is Old *Hewson* the Cbler.

1 *Beg. Man.* *I once was a Poet at London,*
I keep my Heart still full of Glee;
There's no Man can say that I'm undone,
For Begging's no new Trade to me,
Tol, derol, &c.

2 *Beg. Man.* *I was once an Attorney at Law,*
And after, a Knight of the Post;
Give me a brisk Wench in clean Straw,
And I value not who rules the Roast,
Tol, derol, &c.

3 *Beg. Man.* *Make room for a Soldier in Buff,*
Who valiantly strutted about;
'Till he fancy'd the Peace breaking off,
And then he most wisely——sold Out,
Tol, derol, &c.

4 *Beg. Man.* *Here comes a Courtier polite, Sir,*
Who flatter'd my Lord to his Face;
Now Railing is all his Delight, Sir,
Because he mis'd getting a Place,
Tol, derol, &c.

5 *Beg. Man.* *I still am a merry Gut-Scraper,*
My Heart never yet felt a Qualm;
Tho' poor, I can frolick and vapour,
And sing any Tune, but a Psalm,
Tol, derol, &c.

6 *Beg. Man.*

The JOVIAL CREW. 13

6 Beg. Man. *I was a Fanatical Preacher,
I turn'd up my Eyes when I pray'd;
But my Hearers had half starv'd their Teacher,
For they believ'd not a Word that I said,
Tol, derol, &c.*

1 Beg. Man. *Whoe'er wou'd be merry and free,
Let him List, and from us he may learn;
In Palaces who shall you see,
Half so happy as we in a Barn,
Tol, derol, &c.*

Chorus of All. *Whoe'er wou'd, &c.*

Old. Good Heaven! how Merry they are!

Heart. Be not you sad at that?

Old. Sad, *Hearty*, no; unless it be with Envy at their full Happiness.-----What is an Estate of Wealth and Power, ballanced with their Freedom?

Heart. I have not so much Wealth to weigh me down, nor so little, I thank Chance, as to dance naked.

All Beggars. Bless his Worship! his good Worship! Bless his Worship! [*Exeunt Beggars.*]

Heart. How think you, Sir? or what? or why do ye think at all, unless on *Sack*, or Supper-time? Will you in to Supper, and take me there your Guest? Or must I creep into the Barn among your welcome ones?

Old. You have rebuk'd me timely, and most friendly. [*Exit.*]

Heart. Wou'd all were well with him!

Rand. It is with me.

A I R X. All in a misty Morning, &c.

*What, tho' these Guineas bright, Sir,
Be heavy in my Bag;
My Heart is still the lighter,
The more my Pockets swag:
Let musty Fools
Find out by Rules*

The JOVIAL CREW.

*That Money Sorrow brings ;
Yet none can think
How I love their Chink ;
Alas, poor Things !*

SCENE. The Fields.

Enter Vincent and Hilliard in their Rags.

Hill. Is this the Life we admired in others, with Envy of their Happiness?

Vinc. Pray let us make a virtuous Use of it,----Before I'll endure such another Night!-----

Enter Springlove.

Spr. How now, *Comrades* ! repining already at your Fulness of Liberty ? Do you complain of Ease ?

Vinc. Ease, call'st thou it ! Did'st thou sleep to-night ?

Spr. Not so well these eighteen Months.

Hill. Lightning and Tempest is out of thy *Litany*,
Cou'd not the Thunder wake thee ?

Spr. Ha, ha, ha !

Vinc. Nor the Noise of the Crew in the Quarter by us ? Well ! never did *Knights-Errant* in all Adventures, merit more of their Ladies, than we *Beggars-Errant*, or *Errant-Beggars*, do of ours.

Spr. The greater will be your Reward, think upon that : And shew no manner of Distaste to turn their Hearts from you.

Vinc. Are they ready to appear out of their Privy-Lodgings, in the Pig's Palace of Pleasure ? Are they coming forth ?

Spr. I left them almost ready, sitting on their Pads of Straw, helping to dress each other's Head ; the one's Eye, is t'other's Looking-Glass ; with the prettiest Coyle they keep to fit their Fancies, in the most graceful Way of wearing their new Dressing, that you would admire.

Vinc.

The JOVIAL CREW. 15

Vinc. I hope we are as gracefully set out, are we not?

Spr. Indifferent well. But let me hear how you can Maund, when you meet with Passengers.

Hill. We do not look like Men, I hope, too good to learn.

Spr. Let me instruct you, though.

[Springlove instructs them.]

Enter Rachel and Meriel in Rags.

Rach. Have a care, good *Meriel*; what Hearts or Limbs soever we have, and though never so feeble, let us set our best Faces on't, and laugh our last Gasp out, before we discover any Dislike, or Weariness to them. Let us bear it out 'till they complain first, and beg to carry us home *a-Pick-a-Pack*.

Mer. I am sorely furbated with Hoofing already though, and so Crupper-cramp'd with our hard Lodging, and so Bumfiddled with the Straw, that ———

Rach. I am num'd i'th' Bum, and Shoulders too, a little; and have found the difference between a hard Floor, with a little Straw, and a Down-Bed with a Quilt upon't. But no Words, nor a sower Look, I pr'ythee.

Hill. O! here they are! Madam *Few-cloaths*, and my Lady *Bonny-rag*.

Vinc. Peace! they see us.

Rach. } Ha, ha, ha!

Mer. }

Vinc. We are glad the Object pleases you.

Rach. So does the Subject: Now you appear the Glory of the *Spring*, Darlings of *Phœbus*, and the Summer's Heirs.

Vinc. They are pleas'd, and never like to be weary.

Hill. No more must we, if we'll be theirs.

Spr. Peace! here comes Passengers: Forget not your Rules, quickly disperse your selves, and fall to your Calling.

[Exeunt.]

Enter

16 *The JOVIAL CREW.*

Enter Oliver.

Ol. Let me see! here am I sent by my Father, the worshipful Justice *Clack*, in great Haste to Mr. *Oldrents*, in search of my Cousin *Amie*, who is run away with *Martin*, my Father's Clerk, and *Hearty's* Nephew, just when she shou'd have been coupled to another: My Business requires Haste; but my Pleasure, and all the Search that I intend is, by hovering here, to take a Review of a Brace of the handsomest Beggar-Wenches, that ever grac'd Ditch, or Hedge-side: I pass'd by 'em in Haste, but something so possesses me, that I must--- What the Devil must I?---A Beggar! why, Beggars are Flesh and Blood, and Rags are no Diseases; and there is more wholesomer Flesh, under Country-Dirt, than City-Painting.

Enter Rachel and Meriel.

O! here they come! they are delicately skin'd and limb'd; now they 'spy me.

Rach. Sir, I beseech you, look upon us with the Favour of a Gentleman. We are in a present Distress, and utterly unacquainted in these Parts, and therefore forced by the Calamity of our Misfortunes, to implore the Courtesy, or rather Charity, of those to whom we are Strangers.

Ol. Very fine, this.

Mer. Be therefore pleas'd, right noble Sir, not only valuing us by our outward Habits, which cannot but appear loathsome or despicable unto you, but as we are forlorn Christians, and in that Estimation, be compassionately mov'd to cast a Handful or two of your Silver, or a few of your golden Pieces unto us, to furnish us with Linnen, and some decent Habiliments.

Ol. They beg in a high Strain! Sure they are mad, or bewitch'd into a Language they understand not.---- The Spirits of some decay'd Gentry talk in 'em, sure.

Rach. May we expect a gracious Answer from you, Sir?

Mer.

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Mer. And that as you can wish our Virgin-Prayers to be propitious for you.

A I R XI. Wale', wale' up yon Bank, &c.

Rach. O! may your Mistress ne'er deny,
The Suit, which you shall humbly move!

Mer. And may the fairest Virgins eye,
And be ambitious of your Love!

Rach. If Honour lead,

Mer. May you succeed,

Rach. By Love inspir'd, with Conquest crown'd.

Mer. And when you wed,

Rach. Your Bridal Bed,

Both. With Wealth, and endless Joys abound.

Ol. This exceeds all that ever I heard, and strikes me into Wonder. Pray tell me how long you have been Beggars? or how chanc'd you to be so.

Rach. By Influence of our Stars, Sir.

Mer. We were born to no better Fortune.

Ol. How came you to talk, and sing thus? and so much above the Beggars Dialect?

Rach. Our Speech came naturally to us; and we ever lov'd to learn by Rote, as well as we cou'd.

Mer. And to be ambitious above the Vulgar, to ask more than common Alms, whate'er Men please to give us.

Ol. Sure some well-dispos'd Gentleman, as my self, got these Wenches. They are too well grown to be my own, and I cannot be Incestuous with 'em.

A I R XII. My Daddy's a Delver, &c.

*My Daddy is gone to his Grave,
My Mother lies under a Stone;
And never a Penny I have,
Alas! I am quite undone.*

My

*My Lodging is in the cold Air,
And Hunger is sharp, and bites;
A little Sir, good Sir, spare,
To keep me warm o' Nights.*

Rach. Pray, Sir, your noble Bounty.

Ol. What a tempting Lip that little Rogue moves there! and what an enticing Eye, the other!

A I R XIII. There was a pretty Lads, and a Tenant,

[*To Rach.*] *Come hither pretty Maid, with a black rolling Eye:*

[*Aside.*] *What a Look was there! does all my Senses charm.*

[*To Mer.*] *Come hither, pretty Dear, for I swear, I long to try, A little, little Love, which will do thee. Child no Harm.*

[*To Rach.*] *That Air, that Grace,*

[*To Mer.*] *That lovely Milk-white Skin!*

[*To both.*] { *Oh! which shall I embrace?*
Oh! where shall I begin!

[*Aside.*] { *For if I stay*
I both of them must woo;
I had better run away,
Than deal at once with two.

What's this! a Flea upon thy Bosom?

Mer. Is it not a Straw-colour'd one, Sir?

Old. O what a provoking Skin is there! That very Touch inflames me.

A I R XIV. As down in a Meadow, &c.

Rach. *Can nothing, Sir, move you, our Sorrows to mend?
Have you nothing to give? Have you nothing to lend?*

Mer. *You see the sad Fate we poor Damsels endure,
Can't Charity move you to grant us a Cure?*

Rach. *My Heart does so heave, I'm afraid it will break!
Of Victuals we've scarce had a Morsel this Week.*

Rach.

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Mer. *How hard is your Heart! how unkind is your Eye!*
If nothing can move you, good Sir, to comply.

Both. *How hard is your Heart, &c.*

Rach. Are you mov'd in Charity towards us yet?

Old. Mov'd! I am mov'd; no Flesh and Blood more mov'd.

Mer. Then, pray Sir, your Benevolence.

Old. Benevolence! which shall I be benevolent to? or which first? I am puzzled in the Choice. Wou'd some sworn Brother of mine were here to draw a Cut with me.

Rach. Sir, noble Sir.

Old. First let me tell you, Damsels, I am bound by a strong Vow to kiss all of your Sex I meet this Morning.

Mer. Beggars and all, Sir.

Old. All, all; let not your Coyness cross a Gentleman's Vow, I beseech you. [*Kisses'em both.*]

Mer. You'll tell now.

Old. Tell, quotha! I cou'd tell a thousand on those Lips, and as many upon those. ——— What Life-restoring Breaths they have! Milk from the Cow steems not so sweetly. ——— I must lay one of 'em aboard; both, if my Tackling hold.

Rach. { Sir! Sir!

Mer. {

Old. But how to Bargain, now, will be the Doubt: They that beg so high, as by the Handfuls, may expect for Price above the Rate of good Men's Wives.

Rach. Now will you, Sir, be pleas'd?

Old. With all my Heart, Sweet! and I am glad thou know'st my Mind. — Here's Twelve-pence a piece for you.

Rach. { We thank you, Sir.

Mer. {

Old. That's but as Earnest; I'll jest away the rest with you. — Look here ——— Come, you know my Meaning.

A I R XIII. When the Kine had given a Pailful, &c.

Rach. *Wou'd you hurt a tender Creature
Whom your Charity shou'd save?*

Mer. *Is it in your gentle Nature
Thus to triumph o'er a Slave?*

Rach. *Eye, for shame, Sir!*

Mer. *You're to blame, Sir;
Can your Worship stoop so low?*

Rach. *Tho' you're above me,*

Mer. *'Twill behove me,
Still to answer, No, no, no!*

Both. *Still to answer, No, no, no.*

Mer. *All your Gold can never buy me,
Or from Virtue set me free:*

Rach. *Thou art meaner, thus to try me;
Poorer, baser far than we.*

Mer. *Ladies gay, Sir,*

Rach. *May sport and play, Sir;
But she that's, poor, and honest too,*

Mer. *May nobler be,*

Rach. *Than the proudest she,
While thus she answers, No, no, no!
While thus she answers, No, no, no.*

Both. *Ladies gay, Sir, &c.*

Old. Must you be drawn to't? then I'll pull. Come away!

Rach. } Ah! ah!
Mer. }

Enter Springlove, Vincent and Hilliard.

Vinc. Let's beat his Brains out.

Old. Come, leave your Squeaking.

Spr. O! do not hurt 'em, Master.

Old. Hurt 'em! I meant 'em but too well. — Shall I be so prevented?

Spr.

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Spr. They be but young, and simple ; and if they have offended, let not your Worship's own Hands drag 'em to the Law, or carry 'em to Punishment. Correct 'em not your self, it is the *Beadle's* Office.

Old. D'ye talk ! Shag-rag ?

Vinc. } Shag-rag !
Hill. }

[*Offers to beat him with their Crutches ? he runs off.*]

Vinc. He is prevented, and asham'd of his Purpose.

Rach. Look you here, Gentlemen, Twelve-pence a piece !

Mer. Besides fair Offers, and large Promises. What have you got to Day, Gentlemen ?

Vinc. More than (as we are Gentlemen) we wou'd have taken.

Hill. Yet we put it up in your Service.

Rach. } Ha, ha, ha ! Switches and Kicks ! Ha, ha, ha !
Mer. }

Spr. Talk not now of your Gettings.

Enter Martin, and Amie, in poor Habits.

Spr. Here comes more Passengers ; single your selves again, and fall to your Calling, discreetly.

Hill. I'll single no more ; if you'll beg in full Cry, I am for you.

Mer. Ay, that will be fine ! let's charm altogether.

Spr. Stay first, and listen a little.

Mar. Be of good cheer, Sweetheart, we have escap'd hitherto, and I believe that all the Search is now retir'd, and we may safely pass forward.

Am. I shou'd be safe with thee. But that's a most lying Proverb that says, *Where Love is, there's no Lack.* I am faint, and cannot travail further without Meat ; and if you lov'd me, you wou'd get me some.

Mar. We'll venture at the next Village to call for some ; the best is, we want no Money.

Am. We shall be taken then, I fear ; I'll rather pine to Death.

Mar. Be not so fearful ; who can know us in these Clownish Habits ?

Am. Our Cloaths indeed are poor enough to beg with; wou'd I cou'd beg, so it were of Strangers that cou'd not know me, rather than buy of those that wou'd betray us.

Mar. And yonder be some that can teach us.

Spr. These are the young Couple of run-away Lovers disguis'd, that the Country is so laid for; observe, and follow. Good loving Measter and Meestress, your blessed Charity to the Poor, Lane and Sick, Weak and Comfortless, that will Night and Day —

All. Duly and truly pray for you. Duly and truly pray for you.

Spr. Pray hold your Peace, and let me alone — Now sweet Measter and Meestress, to look upon your Poor, that have no Relief or Succour, no Bread to put in our Heads.

Vinc. Would'st thou put Bread in thy Brains? — No Lands or Livings.

Spr. No House, nor Home, nor Covering from the Cold; no Health, no Help, but your sweet Charity.

Mer. No Bands, or Shirts, but lousy on our Backs.

Spr. Good worshipful Measter and Meestress —

Mar. Good Friend, forbear, here's no Measter, nor Meestress, we are poor Folks; thou seest no Worship upon our Backs, I'm sure; and for within, we want as much as you, and would as willingly beg, if we knew how as well.

Spr. Good Master, I knew you all this while, and my sweet Mistress too. And now I'll tell you, the Search is every way, the Country all laid for you, 'tis well you staid here. Your Habits, were they but a little nearer our Fashion, wou'd secure you with us. But are you married, Master and Mistress? Are you joyn'd in Matrimony? In Heart, I know you are. And I will (if it please you) bring you to a Curate that lacks no License, nor has any Living to lose, that shall put you together.

Mar. Thou art a heavenly Beggar!

Spr. But he is so scrupulous, and severely precise, that unless you, Mistress, will affirm that you are with Child by the Gentleman, that you have at least slept together,

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gether, he will not marry you. But if you have lain together, then 'tis a Case of Necessity, and he holds himself bound to do it.

Mar. You may say you have.

Am. I would not have it so, nor make that Lye against my self, for all the World.

Spr. That I like well, and her exceedingly. [*Aside.*

Mar. I'll do that for thee, — thou shalt never beg more.

Spr. That cannot be purchas'd scarce, for the Price of your Mistress.

Mar. Will you partake of our Sports, you're safe among us, and we can entertain you with a Song and a Dance. Madam, let me recommend you to those Ladies, and may be worth your Acquaintance.

Mar. Wauns! I don't like this; these Beggars will either Rob or Murder us! So I'll e'en take care of one.

Rach. What is your Friend gone, Madam?

Am. I suppose to fetch Horse and fit Rayment for me, so to post me hence.

Mer. Nay, I heard him mutter, and I believe intends to leave you on our Hands.

Am. Nay, I am indifferent. I have past no Affiance to him, he stole me from my Guardian, from which I would have fled with any, or without a Guide. Besides, to offer to marry me under a Hedge, without a Book or Ring, by a Chaplain of the Beggars Regiment, your *Patrico*, only to save Charges, was a Piece of Gallantry I shall not easily excuse.

AIR XIV. One Sunday after MASS.

One Evening on the Grass,

While no One did pass,

Lay Strephon, and his Lass,

All alone, all alone, all alone, all alone.

He kiss'd, and caress'd;

The fair one he press'd,

Hard, hard to his Breast.

Oh hone! Oh hone! Oh hone!

He

*He look'd in her Eyes,
He saw her Neck rise;
Ah who can be wise!
All alone, &c.*

*'Till at Honour's Alarms,
She springs from his Arms,
And veils all her Charms.
Oh hone, &c.*

*It grew past a Jest,
She cry'd Fetch the Priest,
I'll grant you the rest.
All alone, &c.*

*In doubt to comply,
She bad him, Good-bye,
And left him to cry.
Oh hone, &c.*

Rach. I have not seen the Wretch these three Hours;
whither is he gone?

Am. He told me to fetch Horse, and fit Rayment
for us, so to Post me hence; but I think it was to leave
me on your Hands.

Mer. He has taken some great Distaste sure, for he is
very jealous.

Rach. Ay! didst thou mark what a wild Look he cast,
when Springlove tumbled her, and kiss'd her on the
Straw this Morning?

A I R XV. Some say Women, &c.

*Jealousy, like a Canker-worm,
Nips the tender Flower of Love;
Jealousy, raging like a Storm
Prayers can't mollify, Tears can't move.
Love is the Root of Pleasures and Joys;
Jealousy all its Fruit destroys
'Tis Love, Love, Jealousy, Love,
Our Heav'n or Hell still prove.*

Spr.

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Spr. O Ladies ! here's as much Mirth within as would have filled up a Week of Holidays.

[Springlove takes Amie aside, and courts her in a genteel way.]

Vinc. I am come about again for the Beggars Life, now.

Rach. You are ! I'm glad on't.

Hill. There is no Life, but it.

Rach. I am glad you are so taken with your Calling.

Mer. We are no less, I assure you ; we find the Sweetness of it now.

Rach. The Mirth ! the Pleasure ! the Delights ! No Ladies live such Lives.

Vinc. They will never be weary.

Hill. Whether we seem to like, or to dislike, all's one to them.

Vinc. We must do something to be taken by, and discover'd, or we shall get home again else.

[Springlove and Amie come to the rest.]

Spr. I am yours for ever. Well, Ladies, you have mist rare Sport ; these Beggars lead such merry Lives, as all the World might envy. But here they come ; their Mirth few partake of, tho' their Vocation is in some measure practis'd by all Mankind.

Enter all the Beggars

A I R XVI. Which no body can deny.

Hill. That all Men are Beggars, you plainly may see,
For Beggars there are of ev'ry Degree,
Tho' none are so blest, or so happy as we.
Which no body can deny.

Vinc. The Tradesman, he begs that his Wares you wou'd buy,
Then begs you'd believe the Price is not high ;
And swears 'tis his Trade, when he tells you a Lye.
Which no body can deny.

Hill.

Hill. *The Lawyer, he begs you wou'd give him a Fee,
Tho' he reads not your Brief, and regards not your Plea;
Then advises your Foe how to get a Decree.
Which no body can deny.*

Mer. *The Courtier he begs for a Pension, a Place.
A Ribbon, a Title, a Smile from his Grace,
'Tis due to his Merit, is writ in his Face.
Which no body shou'd deny.*

Rach. *But if by mishap, he shou'd chance to get none,
He begs you'd believe that the Nation's undone;
There's but one honest Man—and himself is that One.
Which no body dares deny.*

Am. *The fair One, who labours whole Mornings at home,
New Charms to create, and much Paint to consume,
Yet begs you'd believe 'tis her natural Bloom.
Which no body shou'd deny.*

Hill. *The Lover he begs the dear Nymph to comply,
She begs he'd be gone; but her languishing Eye
Still begs he wou'd stay—for a Maid she can't dye.
Which none but a Fool wou'd deny.*

Enter a Beggar.

Beg. Alack and Welladay! this is no time to sing,
our Quarter is beset, we are all in the Net; leave off
your merry Glea.

Spr. Why, what's the Matter?

Within. Bing awaft, bing awaft; the Quear Cove,
and the Harman-beck. [Some Beggars run over the Stage.

Spr. We are beset indeed! What shall we do?

Vinc. I hope we shall be taken.

Hill. If the good Hour be come, welcome be the
Grace of good Fortune.

Enter

Enter Sentwell, Constable, Watch, *The Crew slip away.*

Sent. Beset the Quarter round ; be sure that none escape.

Spr. Blessed Master, to a many distressed ———

Sent. A many counterfeit Rogues ! so frolick, and so lamentable all in a Breath ? You were dancing and singing but now, incorrigible Vagabonds ! If you expect any Mercy, own the Truth ; we come to search for a young Lady, an Heiress, among you ; Where is she ? What have you done with her ?

Am. Who do you want, Mr. *Sentwell* ?

Sent. Pteciious ! How did my Haste oversee her ? Oh Mistress *Amie* ! cou'd I, or your Uncle, Justice *Clack*, ever ha' thought to have found you in such Company ?

Am. Of me, Sir, and my Company, I have a Story to delight you, which on our March towards your House, I will relate to you.

Sent. And thither will I lead you, as my Guest,

But to the Law surrender all the rest,

I'll make your Peace.

Am. We must fare all alike [*Exeunt Sent, and Amie;*

SCENE *Justice Clack's House.*

Enter Justice Clack, and Martin.

Cla. I have forgiven you, provided that my Niece be safely taken, and so be brought home safely, I say ; that is to say, unstain'd, unblemish'd, undishonour'd ; that is to say, with no more Faults, Criminal, or Accusative, than those she carried with her,

Mar. Sir, I believe ———

Cla. Nay, if we both speak together, how shall we hear one another ? You believe her Virtue is Armour of Proof, without your Council or your Guard, and therefore you left her in the Hands of Rogues and Vagabonds, to make your own Peace with me ; You have it,

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provided, I say (as I said before) that she be safe; that is to say, uncorrupted, undefiled; that is say — as I said before.

Mar. Mine Intent, Sir, and my only way —

Cla. Nay, if we both speak together, how shall we hear one another?

Enter Sentwell.

O Master *Sentwell*! good News!

Sent. Of Beggarly News, the best you have heard.

Cla. That is to say, you have found my Niece among the Beggars; that is to say —

Sent. True, Sir, I found her among them. And they were contriving to act a Play among themselves, just as we surpriz'd 'em, and spoil'd their Sport.

Cla. A Play! are there Players among 'em. I'll pay them above all the rest.

Enter Randal.

Rand. Sir, my Master, Mr. *Oldrents*, and his Friend Mr. *Hearty*, are come to wait upon you, and are impatient to behold the *Mirror of Justices*; and if you come not at once, twice, thrice! he's gone.

Cla. Good Friend, I will satisfy your Master, without telling him—he has a saucy Knave to his Man. [*Ex. Cla.*]

Rand. Thank your Worship.

Sent. Do you hear, Friend, you serve Master *Oldrents*.

Rand. I cou'd ha' told you that.

Sent. Your Name is *Randal*.

Rand. Are you so wise?

Sent. Ay; and the two young Ladies, your Master's Daughters, with their Lovers, are hard by at my House. They directed me to find you, *Randal*, and bring you to 'em.

Rand. Whaw, whaw, whaw, whaw! — Why do not we go then?

Sent. But secretly, not a Word to any Body, for a Reason I'll tell you.

Rand. Mum. —

AIR

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AIR XVII. There was a bonny Blade.

*The greatest Skill in Life,
For avoiding Noise and Strife,
Is to know when a Man shou'd be Dumb, dumb, dumb.
When a Knave to gain his End,
Sifts you to betray your Friend,
Let your Answer be only Mum, mum, mum.
Wou'd you try to persuade
A pretty, pretty Maid,
As ripe as a Peach, or a Plumb, Plumb, Plumb ?
You've nothing more to do,
But to swear you will be true,
And then you may kiss ! but—Mum, mum, mum. [Exeunt]*

Enter Clack, Oldrents, Hearty, Oliver and Martin.

Cla. A-hay ! Boys ; A-hay ! this is right ; that is to say, as I wou'd have it : that is to say——A-hay, Boys ! a-hay ! they are as merry without, as we are within. A-hay ! Master *Oldrents*, and A-hay ! Master *Hearty* ! and A-hay, Son *Oliver* ! and A-hay, Clerk *Martin* ! Clerk *Martin* ! the Virtue of your Company turns all to Mirth and Melody ; with a-hay trollolly, lolly, lolly, is't not so, Master *Hearty* ?

AIR XVIII. There was an old Woman liv'd, &c.

Heart. *There was a Maid, and she went to the Mill,
Sing Trolly, lolly, lolly, lolly, lo.*

The Mill turn'd round, but the Maid stood still.

Cla. *Oh ho ! did she so ? did she so ? did she so ?*

Heart. *The Miller he kist her, away she went ;
Sing Trolly, &c.*

The Matd was well pleas'd, and the Miller content ;

Cla. *Oh ho ! was she so, &c.*

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*Heart. He danc'd and he sung, while the Mill went Clack ;
Singing Trolly. &c.*

*And he cherish'd his Heart with a Cup of old Sack ;
Cla. Ob ho ! did he so, &c.*

*Old. Why, thus it shou'd be ! now I see you are a
good Fellow.*

*Ol. He was never so before ; if it be a Lightning be-
fore Death, the best is, I am his Heir. Ha, ha, ha !*

*Cla. Again Boys, again ; that is to say. A-hay, Boy !
a-hay !-----*

*Heart. What is the Motive of your Mirth, Sir, let
us laugh with you ?*

*Old. Was that spoke like my Friend Hearty ? Lack
we Motives to laugh ? Are not all things, any thing,
every thing to be laugh'd at ?*

*Heart. Right, Sir ; the laughing Philosopher, old
Democritus, for that ; we'll laugh at all the World,
and let the Laugh go round.*

A I R XIX. My Wife's a Whore and a Drunkard.

*We'll laugh at the Whore and the Cully ;
We'll laugh at the Coward and Bully ;
To be too much in earnest is folly,
When all the World's but in Jest.*

*The busy Man laughs at the Wit, Sir ;
The Courtier, he laughs at the Cit, Sir ;
And ev'ry poor Bubble that's bit, Sir,
Contentedly laughs at the rest.*

*Old. But is there a Play expected and acted by Beg-
gars ?*

*Cla. That is to say, by Vagabonds ; that is to say,
by stroling Players ; they are upon their Purgation ; if
they can present any thing to please you, they escape the
Law ; that is, (A-hay !) if not, to-morrow, Gentle-
men, shall be acted, Abuses stript and whipt among
'em ; with a-hay, Master Hearty, you are not merry.*

Enter

Enter Sentwell.

And a-hay ! Master *Sentwell*, where are your *Dramatis Persona* ? your *Prologus* ? and your *Actus Primus* ? Ha ! they given you the Slip, for fear of the Whip ? A-hay !

Sent. A Word aside, an't please you.——

[*Sentwell takes Oldrents and speaks.*

Sir, there's to be a Play, but I can tell you the Plot before-hand.——Your Daughters, Sir, who observ'd you disturb'd by a Beggar's Prop., have join'd in a Frolick with your Steward and their Lovers, to give it a seeming Accomplishment. Their Destiny is fulfill'd, and their purpose this Play is to obtain your Pardon.——If you think it necessary they shall begin..

Old. No, no, let me see 'em ; where are they ?

Sent. Here, Sir !

Enter Springlove, Vincent, Hilliard, Rachel, and Meriel.

Old. My Joy begins to be too great within me.
My Blessing, and a Welcome to you all ;
Be one another's, and you are all mine.

Vinc. } We are agreed on that.
Hill. }

Rach. Long since ; we only stay'd till you shook off your Sadness.

Mer. For which we were fain to go a Begging, Sir.

Old. Now I can read the Justice of my Fate, and yours.——

Cla. Ha, Justice ! Are they handling of Justice ?

Old. But more applaud great Providence in both.

Cla. Are they jeering of Justices ? I watch'd for that.

Heart. Ay, so me thought : No, Sir, the Play is done.

Enter

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Enter Sentwell, Amie, and Oliver.

Sent. See, Sir, your Neice presented to you.

[*Springlove takes Amie.*]

Cla. What, with a Speech by one of the Players?
Speak, Sir, and be not daunted, I am favourable.

Spr. Then, by your Favour, Sir, this Maiden is my Wife.

Cla. Sure you are out o' your Part! that is to say, you must begin again.

Spr. She's mine by solemn Contract, Sir.

Cla. You will not tell me that: Are not you my Neice?

Am. I dare not, Sir, deny't; we are contracted.

Cla. Nay, if we both speak together, how shall we hear one another?

Old. Hear me then for all. This Gentleman that shall marry your Neice, is my Friend and Relation, on whom I will settle a Thousand Pounds a Year, to make the Match equal.—Do you hear me now?

Cla. Now I do hear you, and must hear you; that is to say, It is a Match; that is to say—as I said before.

Spr. [*To Oldrents.*] Now, on my Duty, Sir, I'll Beg no more, but your continual Love, and daily Blessing.

Rach. You, Sir, are the Gentleman that wou'd have made Beggar's Sport with us; Two at once.

Mer. For Twelve-pence a-piece, Sir.

A I R XX. Like gentle Turtles cooing, &c.

Mer. *What haste you were in to be doing,
When two at a time you were wooing!
Yet quickly you'd find,
If any prove kind,
You'd Work enough meet with one.*

Rach.

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Rach. *What Haste you were in to be Billing,
With two at a time, for a Shilling!
You Men are so keen,
When once you begin,
You fancy you ne'er shall have done.*

Mer. *How cou'd the Ladies so starve ye,
That ragged poor Beggars cou'd serve ye?*

Rach. *What Virgin's Heart,
Can 'scape the Dart!
Tho' cruel.——Where-e'er you drop your Glove,
Such a Swain must needs successful prove.*

Both. *Such a Swain, by Nature form'd for Love.*

Ol, I hope we are all Friends, tho' some Misunderstandings happen'd.

*Old. Yes, we are all Friends, and shall continue so;
to shew we are Friends, let us be merry; and to shew
we are merry, let us have a Song.*

A I R XXI. Under the Greenwood Tree.

Old. *To all our Wants, our Doubts and Fears,
For ever now adieu;*

Heart. *Away at once with anxious Cares,
Let's only Mirth pursue.*

Vinc. *Our Joys at last,
Pay all that's past,
Nor wou'd be again be free;
Now, now let us whisk it,
Frolick, and frisk it,
Under the Greenwood Tree.*

Choeus. *Now, now, &c.*

Rach. *Our dancing Days, I doubt, are done,
For now we must obey;*

Hill. *Our Joys of Life are just begun,
For Each, by Turns, shall sway.*

Mer. *Be you but kind,
Your Heart shall find*

The JOVIAL CREW.

A constant Mate in me.

*Then, then we will chaunt it,
Revel, and rant it,
Under the Greenwood Tree.*

Chorus.

Then, then, &c.

Heart.

*No more shall Springlove range the Fields,
To rove from Amie's Charms.*

Am.

*Nor Amie from a Wish that yields
Not Amie to his Arms.*

Be you but true,

As I to you,

Our Joys no End shall see.

O how we will firk it,

Caper, and jerk it,

Under the Greenwood Tree.

Chorus.

Oh how, &c.



6 DE 58

F I N I S.

